To the Memory

of

my father and mother

Reading the few marked Ps in
this first section

E. C. P.

CHILDHOOD ON A WHALER

In the autumn of 1851, the new barque "Sea Queen" left New Bedford bound for the Azores ~~for the first stop~~, later to contiue down around the "Horn" for a whaling voyage in the Pacific.

I learn from an old letter that several of the family went to New Bedford to see Capt. Marshall and his wife off on the voyage. My aunt writes:-

"It is about two hours since we saw the last of the Sea Queen, looking like a speck on the broad ocean and surely walking the water like a thing of life! I have just succeeded in getting mother to go down and take some dinner, knowing that she cannot do without it.

"At half past nine this morning Joseph (Capt. Marshall) came in to the parlor where we were waiting for the last call and looking very pale but at the same time appearing cheerful. He told us they were all ready and the carriage was at the door. We immediately departed, Joseph's mother and daughter, my mother, sister Mary, Malvina and myself for the ship. After we got down to the wharf, I found that Mr. Hicks (owners of the Sea Queen) a Mr. Allen and a gentleman and his wife named Kingman were going out to return with the pilot. I asked Joseph's opinion of my going and he thought it would be well, but I told him to whisper to Malvina (I had left the others in the carriage) and see if she thought it best. She wanted me to go. I went on board and we cast off. Malvina told me she could not have me leave mother and I told her I would go back, but it was too late. Young Mr. Hicks said he was going on shore and and I could go with him. I turned to part with Malvina and such a scene!

I left the ship and returned to mother and after seeing the last wave of Joseph's handkerchief watched the ship until we could see her no more and returned to our rooms and ordered our trunks removed ,to mull out the twenty four hours before our departure to Nantucket.

Mother cannot write you now but you must cheer her lone spirits." E.

Thus,surrounded by the loving care of her family,my mother was now to face the many adventures of a whaling voyage with all the courage she could command.

The ship was a handsome little craft,small as most of the whaling vessels of that time were ,often not more than 250 tons ,built specially for the captain who had made other successful voyages for the same owners.

The skies were clear,the wind fair,everything propitious for a good sail across to the islands. All went well for a short time ,then such a hurricane came up as has rarely blown across the Atlantic. But The ship was new and staunch and so, after weeks of buffeting by wind and wave, at last reached Fayal. There were dozens of other ships there, some under jurymast, some with all sails gone or torn to shreds,many that during the storm had been driven up to the coast of England,all badly battered.

My father wrote to his brother-law :-

Fayal, Nov. 28, 1851.

Dear Brother, Since I wrote the other letter we have had a succession of gales and one hurricane on the 15th of this month. I was in Long. 28-50 W. ,Lat. 41-4 North. I had the wind from the SE and it blew for ten days. On the 15th I expected to be dismasted ,for I never saw the sea run so high and I never heard the wind blow more than half as hard . We shipped

~~never heard the wind blow~~ more ~~than half as hard~~. We shipped one sea that started the top of the hurricane house ,burst in the skylight window,and in came about four large casks full of water into the cabin. I was up to my knees boring holes through the deck to let the water off and the only dry place in the room was on the bed,so you can judge the comfort. When the blow was over I was in Long. 32.oo W.,Lat.39.oo N. I sighted Flores on the sixth,wind east,the next day wind SE, and in 12 days I was west of Corvo 15 miles,so we were eighteen days from the time we saw Flores till we got to Fayal. I found they had the gale as hard as we did. The Harbinger drove ashore and three others , one a French brig . She came ashore and in thirty minutes from the time she struck there was nothing left of her. The gale has done a great deal of damage here and dismasted vessels are coming in every day. The wind is yet east and south east and they tell me it has been blowing here from the eastward for over a month,and one gentleman who has lived here for 46 years says he never saw such a time."
A second letter from Fayal dated Dec. 11, 1851,tells of further disasters to the shipping:-

"On the eighth there was a Dutch brig arrived here that was dismasted in the hurricane that we had . They had a dreadful time ,she got thrown down so that the water went to her hatchway and it took them two days to free her. They lost everything from the deck and had nothing but very bad bread that got wet and water for 18 days. They rigged a jurymast and set a studding sail and staysail to get along with. They lost two men when the vessel was thrown down. She came in here in a very bad state for her cargo was sugar and the water dissolved so much on the starboard side that her larboard plank-shear was in the water. Her cabin filled so much with water that it was wet and spoilt everything in it. When the gale was over the

captain had nothing to navigate with but was fortunate enough to see a vessel in a few days and got what he wanted to navigate with."

Captain Marshall and his wife were both thankful to reach land for the next day a baby girl was born. 1851 The plan before leaving home had been to send the mate out in command for a short cruise. Later the captain found he could not trust the mate in matters of judgment, so all the plans ~~were~~ had been altered. Capt. Marshall continued on the voyage and his wife and baby remained at Horta, Fayal, till the middle of February. 1852 Then with a Portuguese boy to help her (there was no such person as a nurse girl on the island) ~~she~~ my mother returned to Boston in a small packet, the "Io". For a crib the baby had a large Fayal basket and the ship did the rocking. The trip seems to have been uneventful except it was bitter cold when they reached Boston. There they were met by my mother's brother and were soon on their way to Nantucket.

This is not correct MMG

Born Nov. 1851 - Horta
Remained on Sea Queen
till middle Feb. 1852
To Boston on IO
Crib Fayal basket
Following summer
started to meet J.M.
West coast S.A. via
Isthmus Panama
arrived at Payta

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When I think of the courage of the women of that day I am amazed,yet more was demanded of my mother,~~for she it was of whom I have been writing~~, for the following summer she started out to meet my father on the west coast of South America via the Isthmus of Panama.

The gold fever that took so many to California had not subsided at that time and my mother paid a distant cousin to accompany her as far as Panama where he would leave her and go on to California. I do not recall having heard any stories of special interest about the trip down to Aspinawall, but as soon as they landed the trouble began. Some thirty persons were in the party for Panama. The first part of of the trip was up the Shagres river,then by mule back to the city beyond. As it grew late in the afternoon the natives who were rowing peaked their oars and said they would go no farther without more money. In the distance it seemd as if logs were occasionally rolling off the banks of the river. As their eyes grew accustomed to the twilight they discovered they were not logs but alligators. The passengers paid .

At the end of the river trip each passenger bought a mule for the rest of the way and was to sell it on reaching Panama. Each day those mules went back and forth over the same road,stepping in the same holes their little hoofs had worn. The ladies must ride man-fashion for the mules were not accustomed to side saddles. One lady absolutely refused to ride that way and insisted she could

Shorten a bit in order to "get back to sea"?

sideways. Before the journey was over she had fallen off and been dragged from the mud so many times everybody's patience was at an end. Indian guides took the babies of the party in baskets on their backs, following paths through the woods known only to them. My mother felt when the Indian went off with her baby and those of the others no one would ever see them again. But at intervals during the trip the Indians appeared, the babies were fed and made comfortable, put back into the baskets and again disappeared.

It happened that my mother's mule was swifter than the others, so when they neared Panama he began to go faster and faster. In vain did she try to hold him in; the tighter she held him the faster he went. The result was she arrived very much ahead of all the others, her bonnet hanging down her back, her hair tumbled over her shoulders, and she so utterly frightened, the waiting attendants lifted her from the mule and began to care for her.

The steamer for the west coast of South America was a day late so the travellers had to wait at what was called a hotel. The men of the party were lodged down stairs, the women in what seemed like the loft of an old fashioned barn. At supper everything was flavored with onions, so when a plate of boiled rice appeared at breakfast my mother thought she could eat that. Alas, that too was flavored with garlic! To get the sugar ready for the coffee they poured it down on the table and let the ants run away before they could use it. All night no one could sleep for fear of the rats that were running about the rafters. No wonder after this experience the English steamer seemed luxurious.

~~A letter from my father to his brother-in-law and~~

A letter from my father to his brother-in-law and wife begins in the formal way of that time:-

" Much respected brother and sister,

I have but a moment to spare but I must pen a few lines to inform you of Malvina's and Helen's arrival, at Payta. I am going to sea as fast as possible,only touched to get all that this world is worth living for.Could I have Joseph with me I should be one of earth's happiest men. But I always said that if Joseph went to sea that he never should have it to tell that his father made a sailor of him." (The Joseph referred to was his son).

Then there follow directions about money matters but a more interesting part is where he directs his brother -in-law to ship certain canned goods:- " Please send me at Payta ,care of the consul, by the first opportunity,

12 dozen pint cans of milk
4 " two pound cans of roast turkey
4 " " " " " boiled chicken
4 " pound cans of oysters
1 " jars of pickles
4 " two pound cans of roast beef

from William H. Davis,no. 37 Broad St.,Boston,Mass. Those I brought with me were from Mr. Davis and were fine. "

There follows a message from my mother:-

"As the end is the crowning of all things so has the last of my journey proved to be. I had a most delightful passage down from Panama on one of the finest steamships I ever saw. Being English of course we lived on board in the English style. The captain was a most gentlemanly man but I must give you a full description some other time or I shall never be able to tell you the baby is well,and I know that the sisters and mother will be more interested in her than in all the travels ever

printed. Write,write, write, do you hear? Every chance you have,anything will be acceptable. Keep up a good heart mother, we are both safe." This letter was dated July, 1852.

So much for the beginning if the first voyage. Twenty-three years after ,the baby, now grown up, crossed the Isthmus of Panama by the railroad where once she had been taken on an Indian's back.

On the return from that voyage the baby was three and a half years old. Memories of that voyage soon faded,save one. A man who was tending the "mincing machine" lost the two middle fingers of his left hand. How these two and not the rest could be cut off was always a mystery .But the child remembered Sandsbury. Sandsbury remembered the captain of that voyage and many years after came and watched with him in his last sickness at a time when paid nurses could not be had.

Another memory comes from that time in Nantucket before another voyage was undertaken. Two men were coming up a side street with long eel spears over their shoulders. "What funny long handled egg beaters" exclaimed the child, and for being laughed at it was always remembered.

That a woman should follow her husband on a whaling voyage around Cape Horn one can understand when one recalls the grit and courage of the women of the last century,but what is really astonishing is that,after those years of privation ,thousands of miles away from all relatives and friends , she should go again. Yet it was not unusual for wives to go on those voyages. Their children,oftentimes, were born at some island in the Pacific. The son of one of Nantucket's most successful captains was born at Samoa and when his mother went on board of the ship

again the baby was wrapped in a banana leaf.

On this second voyage the little girl was five years and a half old. Again a new ship had been built for the captain who was a part owner. On the wharf at New Bedford there were many provisions to be put on board in the few hours before starting. The "Aurora" was ready for sea that afternoon. Relatives and friends were there to see the captain and his wife off. At the head of the wharf there was an old fashioned pump and "uncle William" filled an enormous demijohn with water to be carried on board. No stopper was to be found so he whittled out a sweet potato from a pile that lay on the wharf. It took two sailors to carry the demijohn down to the cabin. The casks filled with water to be used first were of white oak and the water was very bitter and yellow. Later on in the voyage when the water had been changed a few times it was drinkable.

To-day we know only the glamor of those early shipping days. The hard life ,the long years away from home,the trgedies are all forgotten. Hardly a family that does not recall some trgedy of its own. My grandfather died in Pernambuco,Brazil, but the first news to reach home was by his own ship when she reached Nantucket. By some strange oversight the ship came in with flying colors. Word was brought to my grandmother that the ship was in sight and would soon be in. When a ship was expected ,all the little boys were on hand ready to run to the home to tell the news,and the custom was for the first boy to reach the house to have a dollar. My aunts had gone over to my grandmother's to get ready for the feast of welcome. When the ship was at the wharf word came that the captain was not on board ,and some time later that his remains would come on another ship. Grief of that sort,following so closely on what was such a joy,cannot be described.

My grandfather knew he could not recover and left explicit directions about embalming his body and how it should be sent home. It could not be taken on his ship, for had the sailors known the casket was on board they would have refused to go. But on another ship in a hogshead marked molasses the casket was secured, its contents known only to the officers. It came safely to Nantucket.

In those days the sailors were many of them Americans, a few were Portuguese. The men were self respecting, fine fellows, often out for adventure, but upright, honorable and later to rise to be mate and captain. When the ships were round in the Pacific the crews were recruited from the Kanakas of the Sandwich or Society Islands.

The men were not all saits nor yet all sinners, nor were they all heroes, although as a class they were courageous and brave to an unusual degree. There are letters in my possession complaining of boatsteerers who missed whales bedause they were afraid and at the next port they were to be discharged.

Human nature is about the same from one generation to a another and the captains who commanded ships differed as greatly as do men on shore. Some were fastidiously neat and kept their ships spick and span from bow to stern; others were careless and did not mind if the cockroaches were thick and the decks oily. There were cockraaches on every whaler. Not the sleek, little, slim bugs that are sometimes found around water pipes, but the size of June bugs. My mother with her New England ideas of housekeeping thought if any care were taken they could be got rid of. She told the steward to put a little molasses in the bottom of several pails, fill them nearly full

My mother with her New England ideas of housekeeping thought that,if any care were taken,they could be got rid of. She told the steward to put a little molasses in the bottom of several pails,fill them nearly full of water and put them down between decks. Morning after motning he would pour overboard pail after pail filled to the brim,but there seemed to be as many thousands of them as ever.

The powers of the captain are absolute and we all know that it depends on character how such power will affect a man. Of some it made tyrants;just because they could inflict torment without anyone's being able to stop them ,they were often unreasonable and even cruel. This story is told of one captain sailing from Nantucket who had his wife with him. She was a charming lady,well educated and refined. When this captain went on shore he used to lock her in the cabin. He said he wasn't going to have her "hell hopping " around on shore. Perhaps he preferred to do the "hell hopping " himself. That same captain was in command when an uncle of mine was mate. One time they were at Oahu and my uncle asked if he might go to the next island where he knew his brother was whom he had not seen for several years and would not meet again till the end of the voyage. Of course permission was not granted. The next day the captain went on shore to be gone all day. After my uncle knew he was safely landed,he up anchor and went to the other island. He had the chance to see his brother and was safely back before the captain returned.

Strict discipline was kept and instant and absolute obedience expected. Once a sailor had been sent to do something and came back very soon. He began to say "I thought---" instantly the captain stopped him. "~~You go and do as you were told.~~

~~instantly the captain stopped him~~ . "You go and do as you were told .I didn't ship you to think,I'll do the thinking." No matter what the age of the captain ,he was always "the old man" to the sailors. Every sailor was drilled to say "Yes,Sir," or "No,Sir",to a superior officer. When the captain's wife came on board,the Kanakas struggled to say "Yes,Marm",but usually ended by saying "Yes,Marm,Sir".

The Kanakas were willing and strong and perfectly fearless when going after whales. There was one young fellow more promising than the rest who,my Mother thought , could be taught to read. My father said,"All right ,go ahead if you want to take the trouble ,but remember he has never heard any English except what he has learned in the fo'castle". He came to the quarter deck and really made some progress but the letter "K" always bothered him. One day he stumbled over it and finally said "Whatty H--l you call him?" When my father heard of it, he chuckled and said "Well, have you got your dose?"

Some time later there was another Kanaka who was very sick and my mother tended him for a time. At last the hemorrhages became too frequent and he died. For the burial at sea the body was carefully sewed up in canvas and heavily weighted at the foot of the board on which it was placed. My father read the burial service and a chapter from the Bible. The order had been given "to haul aback the main yard" and the ship was held still as possible while the form slid over the side into the placid water. During all this I was kept by my mother in the cabin,amused in some way,so I did not notice,at first, that the ship was still. Years after,when I was grown up,I was told about it.

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The names of the Kanakas in the original pronunciation were not at all possible,so many went by the name of John or Jo, Jo Thick or Jo Thin, Jo Kanaka, Jack Boston, John Tahiti, Jim Crow ,Charlie or George as the captain's name might strike their fancy.

About the middle of 1800 whaling as a business for Nantucket was at its height oil sheds ,candle houses ,rope walks, blacksmith's shops, outfitters' stores where sailors got their "pea jackets" and "sou'westers" ,ship chandlers stores,bake shops where the hard tack was made were all in full blast. I remember somewhere about 1870 my father's driving me about Nantucket town and pointing out to me the places where those buildings used to stand . "There was the Crosbys' candle house" he would say. At another spot stood a rope walk,at another a brass foundry and so on. Not one remains to-day,not even a sail loft. One stood for some years ,later than 1870, near the steamboat wharf and I remember going there on an errand and seeing the vast room at the top of the buildimg where ,in former years, so many sails were made for ships sailing from Nantucket. On the beams and rafters were written in chalk the names of the ships with the dates of sailing and return. There was the Henry Astor, the Young Eagle, Catawba,Hero,Three Brothers, Napoleon,Richard Mitchell and so on . What memories these must have been to one who had lived from 1825 to 1850! The fate of that large square building was to be sold and moved to Squam at the other end of the island and made into a barn. This barn, ninety fleet long, was later converted into two houses. The middle section of the barn after it was sawed in to three parts had still enough lumber to finish the two houses and enough left over to make another one. In all the handling of the lumber most of the names on the rafters were rubbed out but a few can still be deciphered.

The names of those old sea farers are interesting, some of them from the ship owners' names others from the fancy of the ones for whom they were built. There was the Rainbow, the Dawn , Dolphin, Sea Gull, Hero, Minerva, Charles and Henry, Ranger, Swallow, Bluebell, Aurora. Others more prosaic were the Sally, Mary Ann, Sukey and Betsey.

And how the people at home watched for any mention of any one of the ships whose names were so familiar! One man would meet another on the street and say perhaps:- "I saw that the Rainbow was reported with another two hundred . She must be pretty near full now. " Or another would say, "Some of those ~~of those~~ up in the "Artic" are not doing so well this season. The whales are getting scarce." I was in the Hero last voyage the time we just got out in time from the icebergs. I got all I wanted of that. Next time I go for the sperm whales. "

A whaler must carry all that was needed to make repairs on ship or boats, what was needed evey day. There was work for all. No one need be idle. Our parents, who lived through those stirring times , told us many stories of the good old days when nearly 100 vessels belonged to Nantucket. Of all this thriving business, of all the employment it gave, all the stir and bustle and excitement of the sailing of ships and rejoicing on the return from a four years cruise, not a trace remains to-day, not a sail loft, not a rope walk, not an oil shed is left.

A rope walk was a long low shed where the hemp was twisted by hand and a boy had to go back and forth taking care there were no knots in the rope. To relieve the monotony of the everlasting walking back and forth, it was told of my grandfather that he had a book in one hand and kept the rope clear with the other. It was the beginning of that education which made ~~him fit, years after, to be chosen to go as representative~~

him fit to be chosen to go, years later, as representative to the "General Court" , what we now call the "House of Representatives".

One day, some thirty years ago, an old sea captain was talking to Dr. Benjamin Sharp of the old days and said:- "When I was a boy these wharves looked like a cedar swamp. The masts of sloops, schooners and ships two or three deep at the wharves rose along the water front like a forest where now there is nothing."

They were all small ships but they could weather the gales going round Cape Horn and ride out the storms like sea birds where bigger and longer craft would have been wrecked.

But whaling as it was then known is a forgotten industry. Every boy grew up expecting and longing to go to sea. Many went when very young, thirteen or fourteen years old. They shipped as cabin boy or were perhaps put in the care of the captain. One of the most successful captains , Capt. Charles Grant of Nantucket, went on his first voyage when he was only eleven, as steward. His experience on that first voyage was tragic. The captain, in a quarrell with the second mate, stabbed him with the carving knife at the table. The captain was put in irons and sent home at the next port. On the next voyage young Grant shipped as a foremost hand and on the following, as boats steerer. When he was eighteen he remained at home long enough to study navigation and to go to school a few months. Up to that time he could read and write but had had no chance for anything else. From second mate to mate he steadily rose and was soon captain. He was always successful and made several fortunes for his owners and for himself.

Sailors are generally poor financiers. Through bravery, daring, good judgment and skill they could rise to be cammander and could bring home much wealth, but from wise investments of their hard earned dollars it was a rare thing for them to save enough for old age. A captain's "lay" was one tenth, a twelfth ar a fifteenth perhaps; the mate's one twentieth or one twenty-fifth and so on down to the cook who would get one one hundred and twentieth and the "slush". In his cooking the cook would save all the grease that accumulated in boiling the salt pork and beef and on the return home this grease, (the slush) amounting to many barrels, was sold for a considerable sum. On the last voyage my father made, the ship was so full of oil the slush had to be lashed on deck for there was no room between decks. In a storm going around Cape Horn several of these barrels on deck got away from the lashings and went slamming about the deck. One can imagine the work it was to clean the grease from the halliards coiled on the belaying pins at the foot of the shrouds, also the swearing at the men who had failed to make the barrels secure.

As to the amount the voyage would bring a captain, it varied, of course. Sometimes he would get eight or nine thousand dollars, some times more, sometimes less. One captain I knew made $35,000 on his last voyage. I am tempted to quote again from Dr. Benjamin Sarp's "A Captain of a Vanished Fleet" :-

"Sometimes the voyage was a short one, when they had greasy luck, as in the case of the Loper which came home in a little over fourteen months, a full ship. I knew a whaleman who was forty nine months away and when the voyage was settled up he found that he was, with his advanced slop chest account, seventy -five dollars in debt; he might have belonged to that crew which got no oil, but had a rattling good time."

The great thing for a Nantucket boy was his first voyage. The terrible tales of fighting whales, the fate of the Essex, so familiar to everyone at Nantucket, stories of the savages on the Figi Islands, all the hardships that had been told over and over again had no effect on him. At last the great day came ,good byes were said ,the ship weighed anchor and the sails filled as she went down the harbor and out to the ocean not to see land ,perhaps, for months. Sometimes they went across to the Azores but often there was no stop till off the west coast of South America. Something of the disillusion came in the first days of dire seasickness ,but that soon wore off, even with the terrible remedies some of the old sailors recommended, that they might enjoy the victim's agony.

The first days were full of work for everybody,much still to be stowed away between decks,green hands who didn't know a marlin spike from a belaying pin or a ratlin from the main brace,to be drilled and cursed into obedience. Swearing seemed to be a part of every sailor's education. The story is told of a Quaker captain of Nantucket who had a mate whose every other word was an oath. One time when going into port a Dutch vessel crowded so on the Quaker's right of way the yard arms locked. In vain the Quaker mildly remonstrated with him. The Dutchman kept on crowding. At last the Quaker called down the cabin gangway to his mate:-"Zebulon,come up here ,there is a man talking thy language. I wish thee would talk to him." Zebulon came up and after a few choice remarks in the familiar dialect of the sailor told him he would slide him to H--l on rainbows if he continued,the Dutchman very soon veered away and gave up crowding. (This same story is told in "The Nantucket Scap Basket" but in a slightly different version. I quote it from memory.)

~~Occasionally a ship would stop at Pernambuco or at Rio~~

Occasionally a ship would stop at Pernambuco or at Rio or might go on to Montevideo. Then would come the long trip around the"Horn" and up the west coast of South America to Talcahuano,the usual first stop of a whaler. Other ports where whalers stopped were Valpariso, Calao,Payta,and Tumbez. At Payta the consul was one Alexander Bathurst,a veritable gossip. Fron each ship that came into Payta he gathered all the news and reeled it off to the next one. He had never been in Nantucket but he talked of the well known persons there ,also of every one else as if he had seen them the day before. One time after telling that "Jimmy Slim" was the only one who had any right to ring the Baptist bell,he added,"Well,aunt Nabby Bailey is dead,yes,she had a fine funeral, laid out in black alpaca and gaiter boots".

Imagine what it must have been to my mother ,in a strange land,,surrounded by strange voices and language, to hear the familiar names ,though she may not have known them personally, tossed about by "uncle "Bathurst as if he had seen them within a day.

Tumbez was a port often visited but was some miles up the river and one must go through the breakers that roll over the shallow place at the mouth,then row some miles to"Somontez" plantation. The house was typical of the country,perched on logs,thatched with banana leaves,the sides covered with matting that could be raised or lowered ,the partitions ofbamboo .Somontez' wife and daughters were most hospitable. Somontez was a character but a most courtly Spaniard whose power over the Spaniards every sea captain was glad to use. If a captain had any trading to do which properly should go through the custom house with all the red tape ,Somontez would say,~~"Oh,captain, just put an ounce over each eye and there will be no trouble". An ounce at that time was a Spanish coin valued at about sixteen dollars.~~

say ,"Oh captain,just put an ounce over each eye and there will be no trouble". An "ounce" at that time was a Spanish coin valued at about sixteen dollars in American money.

At one time my father was sick while staying at Somomtez' plantation. Somontez sent a most sumptuous boat, with ten rowers, to the ship where my mother had waited. Never did she forget the trip up the river in silence, the warm night , the brilliant stars, the rowers in perfect unison striving their best to get there as fast as possible. It was near midnight when they arrived. Was she frightened? She knew she would have been no safer if the whole United States navy had escorted her.

I always loved Tumbez because from Somontez' plantation to the market place was a long ride and my father always took me with him on the saddle. He always rode on horseback and put me in front of him. The road was dusty but the air was fragrant with the wild growth on either side. Then the market place was a joy. Such luscious fruit, such strange vegetables, and scents always mingled with tobacco, the odor not found elsewhere save in Cuba.

If the ship stopped at Calao there would be the chance to go out to Lima where there was the cathedral to see. But generally a ship would go at once to the whaling grounds west of South America after leaving Talcahuano. We went several times to the Galapagos Islands and always got many terrapin. The sailors would turn them over on their backs as they climbed over the rocks and on the way back to the ship get them onto their shoulders and stagger along. Some were very large and sometimes it would take two sailors to get one onto a comrade's back. They lived for months without food or water but grew thin and were not so good to eat as at first.

My special delight was to watch the cook clean out the upper shell

fill it with shavings and kindling and after lighting it lower it overboard. It would float away burning for a long time till at last out of sight.

a sperm whale, is taken on board for the bone and teeth. Then a boatsteerer goes overboard on the whale's back ,and after almost superhuman efforts ,gets a large hook into a hole which the officers on the staging have cut in the blubber. The man has a belt around him held securely by some one on deck so he can be free to use his hands. All around in the water there are sharks that swarm as soon as a whale is along side. These the officers keep off with their spades as well as they can . When at last the hook is secure ,the man who has got into the blubber shins up the rope to the deck and is free for the rest of the forenoon. The officers stand on a staging on the starboard side of the vessel. If it is a small whale ,a forty barrel one ,the head is taken in whole,for in the upper part there are from ten to twenty five barrels of clear spermaceti, according to the size of the whale. A hundred barrel whale would have a head too large to be taken in on deck. When the head,in that case, is cut off it is suspended by the side of the ship and the "case" is bailed out.

Getting off the blubber is very much like peeling an apple. After the first piece is cut and the hook put in ,the men cut into the blubber along each side of the strip which is about three feet wide and as it is hoisted up the men continue to cut under until it is up to the cross trees of the mainmast. It is then swung in on deck after another hook has been put in and the tackle adjusted to hoist that piece up in the same way. The blanket pieces,as they are called,are cut into strips about a foot wide and taken to the mincing machine where they are gashed a little way, very much as a piece of salt pork is gashed for a pan of beans, a little way but not wholly through.

Two big trypots are by the foremast. Under them is a hollow brick work foundation kept filled with water that the deck may

not catch fire. When the oil is boiled enough, it is bailed into another tank where it remains till cool ~~enough~~ to be put into the casks. The men who tend the boiling have to be careful not to boil the oil too much nor yet not to let it be partly raw for then it will not keep. At this time the cooper is a very important person for he must see to it that the barrels are ready, that the oil is not too hot, for then it will warp the staves, and after a day or two he must cooper the barrels when the staves have shrunken a bit.

As soon as a whale was brought alongside, my mother began preparations to get ready for the dirty time there would be on the ship. I was dressed in a dark brown calico (it always seemed to me it need not have been quite so homely) and an old pair of shoes put on. Although I was not allowed to step off the quarter deck, there was more or less tracking back and forth on the deck to get it dirty. The ship would be headed so the smoke would, for the most of the time, blow to leeward, but occasionally the wind would change and we would get the full benefit ~~of~~, as it blew aft, of the smoke from the tried out blubber they called scraps with which the fire was fed. After the boiling was over the ship was cleaned from bow to stern and the deck scrubbed with holystone. The barrels of oil were stowed away between decks and all were ready for another "There she blows".

Sometimes a whale shows fight and many a boat has been tossed up in the air by his flukes. Other boats ars always near so the men are taken into them and generally are no worse for the ducking, but the boat is lost. The most terrible case of a whale's attacking a ship was that of the Essex. The few of one boat's crew who survived were on the ocean for three months

but very different from "uncle" Bathurst. Somomtez was a courtly Spaniard whose power over the Spaniards every one was glad to use. If a captain had any trading to do which properly should go through the custom house with all its red tape, Somontez would say "Oh, captain, just put an ounce over each eye and there will be no trouble". An ounce at that time was a Spanish coin valued about $16 dollars. At one time my father was sick while staying at Somontez' plantation. Somontez sent a most sumptuous boat with ten rowers to the ship where my mother had waited. Never did she forget the trip up the river in silence, the warm summer night, the brilliant stars, the rowers in perfect unison striving their best to get there as fast as possible. It was near midnight when they arrived. Was she frightened? She knew she would not have been safer if the entire United States' army had escorted her.

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When the first whale was sighted then the fun began. Always a watch was kept at mast head, and no one, unless he has lived through it, can picture the excitement when the man at masthead cries, "There she blo-o-o-ws", prolonging the sound most musically. At once orders are given to head the ship in the direction of where the spout has been seen. When as near as they dare go, the command comes, "Lower away". Every boat is ready, swung on the davits, and each man knows his place in each boat. In each boat there is a tub of rope, harpoons, lances, and in the locker a keg of water, another keg with hard tack, flint and steel

matches,sometimes tobacco. As soon as the boat touches the water she is off. Sometimes they can step a mast and hoist a sail. They pull as near as they dare to the whale then take their paddles and paddle softly as they can up to the whale ,near enough to dart a harpoon into him. There are two harpoons on the line, ground as sharp as razors. After the boatsteerer has darted the first ,he darts the second,no matter whether it will hit the whale or not, for the harpoon would ~~would~~ be dangerous swinging around in the boat. The line begins to pay out and the nearest man dips water over over it to keep it from catching fire as it runs over the gunwale. As soon as the boatsteerer has darted the harpoons,he srambles aft that the mate may go to the bow ready to dart a lance into the whale as soon he comes up. Of course when the whale is struck he goes down. Something has hurt him and his only thought is to get away. Sometimes he will not come up for half an hour,but he must cone up to blow. Then the men pull up and try to get a lance into him. It is often a long while before this can be done. After lancing him several times ,if the mate reaches a vital spot ,the whale will begin to go round and round in his flurry. At last after thrashing about with his flukes he finally turns "fin up " and they know he is dead. All the time a whale is down ,in the first of the fight ,the men have all they can do to keep the boat right side up and to throw water on the rope. It more often happens that a whale runs a long distance under water before he comes up to spout. The men hold on as best they can .If the rope slackens a bit they pull up,all the time trying to get another lance into him. A cow whale will keep its calf close beside her with its flipper over it till the mother dies.

The story is told of Capt. Grant that once, when he was mate, he was fast to a whale that had been running a long time. It was sunset and the captain of the ship signalled to Grant to cut the line and let the whale go, but Grant begged to hold on a while longer. Later the captain signalled again. Whether Grant saw the signal or not, he held on. He was out all night. The whale never slackened his speed a bit and the boat was towed after him at a fearful rate. Finally, about daybreak, the whale let up a bit and they pulled up and got a lance into him and [redacted] killed him. He made a hundred barrels of oil.

Sometimes there are several ships after the same whales, at the same time. To make sure that no one else gets the whale after he is killed, a waif is put in him. The waifs are white cotton flags with some special device for each ship. When they have been out all day and know they will not get any more whales, a chain is put around the flukes and the whale is towed to the ship.

When all the boats are back the men are called to the quarter deck and a small glass of grog is given each. This ceremnony is called "splicing the main brace". I remember my mother standing at the edge of the quarter deck and handing to each man his glass of grog, slightly watered before hand.

When the men had been off after whales all day how the officers would talk at supper time and how they would stir their tea! They did not seem to know what they were eating. All the incidents of lowering the boats, getting up to the whales, how the whale had "sounded" and how long before he came up, ----all was gone over though it was an old story to most of them.

The next morning cutting in begins. The lower jaw, if it is

and at last had to resort to drawing lots to choose who should be sacrificed to keep the others alive. The few who survived would never afterwards willingly speak of that time. There was the Ann Alexander,also attacked by a whale,but the men were rescued after two or three days. Some five months after the Ann Alexander was attacked ,another ship got a whale which had harpoons in it with the name of Ann Alexander and in the head of the whale were imbedded splinters of wood from the attack.

Always harpoons were marked with the name of the ship and the master,sometimes the year. Many and many a whale goes off with harpoons in him and two stories are told of finding them. A Capt. Paddock got a whale with harpoons marked with his name and the date thirteen years before. A few years ago a big whale was sighted off Nahant,Mass.Fishermen succeded in ~~gettin~~ getting him. He must have been a very old one, for he was covered with barnacles and sea weed and seemed too feeble to move. In him were irons marked "Hiram Swain",Nantucket,1853".

But the days are not all busy catching whales. There was the regular routine for the sailors and officers. Each day at noon the captain and mate"took the sun" as they called it. That is, they found the altitude of the sun with the quadrant, someone countdd the seconds on the chronometer and with their book of logarithms they worked out the latitude and longitude for the day.In the cabin a chart was spread out on the table and the distance and direction were traced for the ship,showing exactly where she was. My mother learned to count seconds, not so easy a task as one might think,and with the figures from father and the mate would work out the latitude and longitude. The three would compare their results and if need be,

make corrections in each other's work.

Intensely interested in what older people were doing as most children are, the captain's little girl always wanted to climb up into the boat where the mate was when he "took the sun" and was always refused. One day she ~~she~~ succeeded and was just up to the edge of the boat when she slipped and would have fallen overboard between the boat and the ship had not the mate seen her in time to catch her by the dress. Both were thoroughly frightened and the child begged the mate not to tell her father and mother. He promised and, what is more, kept his word. Now a curious thing occured. That night her mother dreamed the child had fallen overboard but no one seemed in the least concerned about it. She begged her husband to have a boat lowered but he was ~~he was~~ as indifferent as the rest. When she woke up, the dream had been so real she could hardly believe her own eyes that the child was safely sleeping in her crib. Neither the little girl nor the mate betrayed any sign they they knew aught of the occurrence and it was not till long after she had grown up that she told her mother.

The mate and she were great chums and he did almost everything she wanted him to, but she was forbidden to look into his desk in his stateroom. One time when the boats were all off after whales, she watched her chance and climbed up to the desk to explore what mystery it contained. All she found were sone papers carefully tied up and the big log book. But in the left hand corner was a small, pasteboard box. In this was a daguerreotype of a young lady. The child looked at and admired the sweet face in the bonnet with rosebuds in the side but was not greatly interested in it. Some years later

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after the voyage was over, when she went with her father and mother to the mate's wedding, she recognized the face of the daguerreotype.

In all the days when not a whale was seen or a sail in sight, only the vast blue ocean as far as the eye could reach, what was the captain's wife doing? Did the time hang heavy on her hands? By no means. In one of mother's letters she wrote:-

" You wonder what I do with my time if the cook attends to the meals and the steward does the serving, washing the dishes and keeping the saloon clean. First I make my own bed and Nelly's and dust the cabin, preferring not to have the steward in our rooms. The rest of the time I am playmate, companion, teacher, and mother for Nelly. The poor cild longs for a sister and only the other day she was crying because she wanted me to go into port and get a little sister for her. She has the the dog to play with, a mongrel, short haired specimen but good natured and willing to romp with her about the quarter deck. When there is a terrapin cooked she is delighted when a sailor will fill the upper empty shell with shavings, light it and lower it overboard so she can watch it float away burning till out of sight. "

From ten to twelve every day the little girl had her lessons. Seated on a coil of rope abaft the mizzenmast she must learn her spelling or geography or whatever it was. She learned fractions in arithmetic with a bucket of oranges, soon finding out that a quarter was less than a half although four was twice as much as two. Never did those lessons stop. At night when the stars were so brilliant in those southern skies, her mother impressed upon her the majesty and power that held every star in place, the glory of it all and how we were only a tiny spec and the world only one of the millions like that which were whirling

about the heavens.

Among the other things the child wanted to do because "Mr. Hussey "did ,was to stand a watch after supper till nine o'clock. After long coaxing one night she was allowed to stay on deck with Mr. Hussey. Up and down she paced the deck trying to keep step. The air grew chilly and soon she was drowsy. Very soon she was too ignominously sleepy to keep her eyes open and was taken to the cabin and put to bed.

If the men were mending sail she wanted to sew some too. An obliging sailor made her a little palm to fit her hand amd with a piece of sail cloth and a sail needle and twine she was happy. Dolls did not interest her. At every port the men and officers would buy dolls for her . When her mother would say, "Why don't you play with your new dolls?" her reply would be, "Why I have taken all of their clothes off and put them on again. I know everything they have on". Once ,thinking to please her, her mother made her a pea jacket like those the sailors wore. She thanked her mother but did not seem particularly overjoyed. Finally she owned up. It had no patches on it like those the sailors wore!

Among the tasks that were to be done was sewing patchwork for a quilt for the doll's bedstead. Those dreary hours over that patchwork! Would she ever get it done? If the truth were told she never did get it entirely finished, but from the work she had done it was precious to her and when one time a captain came on board for a "gam" with his pet dog she so longed for the handsome St.Bernard she ~~she~~ offered her only treasure to the captain if he would leave the dog---her patchwark quilt.

The steward very good naturedly gave her a big can of many colored beans to play with. She spent many an hour with those lovely colors. Stringing beads was another diversion.

They were always too fine for any ordinary needle to go through the hole but again they were so pretty in their colors! One of the sailors made her a little checker board and marked it it off in squares. With some of the brilliant red paint used on all the iron work about the ship and some black she was happy painting the ckecker board. A jump rope was made with ivory handles ending in a turk's head for the rope. It looks as if it had been used some but probably the small area of the quarter deck did not give the child much exercise.

Going into port was the ~~a~~ great experience. There was the getting ready when land was in sight. The first time mother heard the call from mast head "Land O," she thought she must be ready as soon as possible. She went on deck to ask the man at the wheel where the land was ,for to her nearsighted eyes no land was to be seen. "About three pints off the lee beam,marm," said he. Not knowing where to look for the "lee beam" she asked him to point in which direction the land was. He grinned as he told her thinking,no doubt it was queer not know where the lee beam was. After long hours they reached land. Then a large wicker chair covered with one of the ship's flags which was wrapped about mother was swung over the side of the ship and lowered to the boat. I was taken on the back of a sailor or sometimes the chair was hoisted up again and,oh,joy! I was lowered down like mother. How glorious it was to be rowed to the shore and how big the ship looked when we were in the water! There was first the custom house where father must enter the ship takimg the mysterious papers out of a long oval tin box . At the custom house we got the letters from home,learned the news there was about ships that had recently been in port and gave all the information about ourselves we could to be handed on to the next vessel to come in.

Then we went through the markets. Everything was there, men, women and children, donkeys with the side paniers filled with all sorts of fruit and vegetables. Never can one forget the odor of those markets, fruits and flowers and vegetables mingled their perfume with the fragrant tobacco of the cigarettes.

Among the visits to the islands in the Pacific those at Tahiti were longest remembered for we staid there one time, to have the copper renewed on the bottom of the ship, over a week. Father rented a French cottage and meals were sent in to us. I remember the bare white walls and how vicious a centipede looked one day on one of them. Close to the house were orange trees with fruit and flowers at the same time.
One day mother paid a visit to Queen Pomare at that time presiding nominally over the island. The queen received us in a garden where supper was being served for her and her ladies-in-waiting. All sat on the ground and at each place there ~~was~~ breadfruit on large leaves and various other kinds of fruits. The queen wore a loose dress of some very thin material not unlike what used to be called a "mother hubbard". She seemed to like to see Americans and talked through an interpreter about mother's dress, particularly admiring a cameo breastpin in a very pretty setting and asked mother to give it to her. When mother replied that it was a present and so she could not give it away, the queen said, "When you come again bring one just like it.".

Through the clear water in the harbor you could see the the coral all over the bottom. No such pollution as sewage ever was turned into it.

In the harbors of the islands there were no wharves so the boats would be run up on the beach, then the natives would

come down or more likely would already be there with all sorts of fruits and vegetables to sell. A bolt of calico,a few jack-knives,or strings of beads would buy any quantity . Many times canoes would come off to the ship filled with bananas,oranges,limes, sweet potatoes or yams. Except at a few islands the natives were friendly and wanted to give the little girl something. She would come back from one of these excusions with the most unlikely gifts. One time a black hen was held tight under her arm,another time it was a pair of blackbirds,or parrakeets and very a white woolly dog.The parrakeets soon got in the rigging and flew away and the little dogs had fits and were mercifully put to sleep. At the Marquesas islands their natives were not wholly civilized and my father said to me "Don't let go of my hand".The natives surrounded us on the beach,they smoothed my hair,felt of my slender arms,wondered at my light skin but did not offer to snatch me away. As I was very little and not at all plump perhaps I was not very promising for a stew. Before going on shore my father had exacted a hostage from the chief before he would leave the vessel. The chief sent his son,a handsome specimen of physical perfection, but hideously tattoed from head to foot on one side of the body only. Before coming to the quarter deck to be presented to my mother,he dressed for the ceremony by putting on a calico shirt,nothing else.

Beside going on shore ,having boatloads of oranges,yams, bananas,sweet potatoes limes and ripe cocoanuts,there was the wonderful land breeze. All the perfumes of Arabia seemed to be there, The smell of the woods,the tropical flowers and fruits all blended into a delicious fragrance. After being at sea in the salt breezes for three or four months there is nothing to compare with that odor. The fruits were delicious,such as

we never get here. The cocoanuts were tender when they were young, the meat thin and so soft it could be eaten with a spoon. There is a small ball inside surrounded with the milk which is absorbed after the cocoanut is older. The bread fruit was never a success on shipboard for it had to be cooked as the natives cooked it, wrapped in leaves and put between hot stones for a long time .

Among the delights for the sailors as well as for the captain and officers was "gamming". When one ship met another they drew near enough to signal and the captain of one with a boat's crew went and spent the day or perhaps a part of the afternoon, ~~noon~~. The crews exchanged news with those of the other ship, there was a good dinner, perhaps "plum duff", and the captains reported what ships they had seen or perhaps exchanged books. Very likely there had been packages brought from home to be delivered when the ships met. In our case, if the ship happened to be commanded by Capt. Frank Gardiner , mother always took whatever books she could spare, for he was a reader. On a book-case in my home now is a copy of D'Aubigny's History of the Reformation and four volumes of Macaulay's History of England brought back as treasures. One time after a "gam", I do not recall with which ship, good byes were said and the boat headed toward our ship. Darkness fell soon in those latitudes and suddenly my father and the men realized there was no light on our ship, then that she was not even in sight. There was no moon, but the stars were bright as always in the southern seas. The only thing to do was to continue rowing in the direction where the ship was last seen. The vessel we had been visiting had gone on her way never dreaming there would be any trouble. How big the ocean seemed and how helpless we were if we did not get to the ship! Of course we did reach her or I should not be here

to tell the tale, but it was not till after ten o'clock. Up to that time my father had been very still save for a few occasional words to the men to direct them. As we went up the side of the ship father said to mother,"Go below ". What he said to the mate in command who had purposely not set any light I never knew,but the vessel was at once headed for the nearest port where the mate was discharged. His excuse,"he thought father would be back before dark and there would no need of setting a light", was too flimsy.

When the sailors had a free watch they used it in many ways. What was called "scrimshaw" or "scrimshont" work was a favorite pastime. Some would carve the whales' teeth into cane handles,umbrella handles,a dog's head,a horse's head,a simple curve or knot. They made jagging knives for mother or sister at home to use for marking pies,some of them very handsome. Or they etched on a whale's tooth a picture of a full rigged ship,or the picture of a woman or the shield of the United States, or the U.S. flag. All this with the only implemetts,a jack knife and a fine saw and sandpaper. With the etching they used a needle and rubbed in india ink or sealing wax. A tatting shuttle was made for my mother by one of of the sailors , made of ivory, it was inlaid with silver hearts on one side and diamonds on the other,made from silver ten cent pieces. Around each was ~~was~~ a slender thread of dark from cocoanut shell. Many of the canes were made with alternate rings of ivory and cocoanut shell.

As I watched a sailor being tatooed by some companion I longed to have some of the images on my arm, and in some

way I got the needles and ink and began to make a bracelet about my wrist. I had just pricked in a few dots when my mother caught me at it. I can still see, though they are faint, the two tiny spots. Think what it would have been if she hadn't spied me in time for an indelible band to have adorned my wrist! It was so close to the ~~wrist~~ hand that no bracelet would have covered it.

But a really pathetic way of passing the free watch was what they called "sailor's comfort!" For this they took from their chest every thing in it, looked it over and put it back. There was the little box of spools, needles, darning thread, a piece of wax, a pair of scissors, a thimble, a liitle bag of buttons of all sorts, one or two pieces of calico to mend a shirt. Among other things a daguerreotype or two wrapped in paper very carefully and two or three letters that had come from home. These and their clothes they would take out and look over , thinking of home and the long months sretching before them.

Often there were several sailors who could sing after a fashion and perhaps an old fiddle or an accordion would come forth around the forcastle after supper and there would be "Darling Nellie Gray" , "Pop goes the weasel" or some other of the familiar tunes. But it was rare when there was so much spare time.

I should have told before this of the love of the Kanakas for flowers. They would come down to the beach with a large flower in the lobe of each ear or a string of flowers around the neck. They were a gentle, peaceable race, friendly and ready to help a stranger. These were the Kanakas of the Society and Sandwich Islands. Further to the west and south there were some islands where they were not at that time civilized.

The food furnished the men was salt beef, pork, beans, rice, potatoes, when they could be got, and later yams and sweet potatoes. Almost always there were onions, which could be found at most of the ports. For the captain's table there was the same, except occasionally there would be canned fresh beef, chicken or, rarely, turkey. Sometimes the men would catch fish, albacore a sort of mackerel and, as long as they lasted, the terrapins after we had been to the Galapagos Islands. These would live sometimes two months without food or water but would become thin and not so good to eat. The flying fish that came on board were mostly bones, not good for much. The albatross, familiarly called "goneys", by the sailors, were rarely tempted to fly on board. Once when one was caught with a baited hook he measured nine feet from tip to tip of wing. The web feet made a very good purse after being cured. The goneys seemed never to tire, following the ship for days. When a whale was along side, the stormy petrels, or "Mother Carey's Chickens" as they were called, swarmed over the ocean. They were a small bird, a little larger than a robin, black and white. They would follow the ship for days, and like the albatross seemed never to tire.

The last pets that survived were a canary bird that sang in spite of storms going around the "Horn", and a pet goat. Not many weeks after coming home the canary was disposed of by the family cat and the goat scared the neighbors so by climbing on every ridgepole it had to be given to a farmer who lived out of town.

At last the ship was full and she was to go into port for the last time before heading for home. It seemed almost too good to be true, for the voyage had been a long one, four years and nine months. The years between 1856 and 1861 had seen almost the end of whaling, for a time, at least. ~~The~~

The whales were disappearing from their haunts. Petroleum and like products were replacing whale oil for lighting and also for lubricants. In the summer of 1861 the Civil War had already been under way for months and before leaving Talcahuano word had come to look out for privateers. A sharp watch was kept as we came up the coast of the United States but no enemy appeared and we reached New Bedford in safety in July 1861.

When the Aurora went into port some three months before the final visit, my mother knew it was the last chance to send letters home. She wrote to her sister to be sure to have a suitable dress, a cloak or wrap of some sort or shawl, whatever was then the style, and also a bonnet ready to send to the wharf in New Bedford when the ship arrived. She would not leave the Aurora till she could put on something more suitable than what was in her wardrobe after nearly five years. And sure enough, an express boy was sent on board at once when the ship arrived and mother was arrayed according to the dictates of the prevailing fashion.

On a desk in my home is a tiny toy, a robin redbreast, swinging on a branch above her nest in which are three eggs. At the left is a small tree and under all is supposed to be the ground. If you take up the toy and squeeze it, it will chirp most amazingly like a bird. More than seventy years ago it was bought in Talcahuano, Chili, and in some miraculous way it has survived all the changes of a lifetime, first the voyage around Cape Horn, then many movings into various homes, and to everyone's astonishment it will chirp as clearly as of old.

When I see this little robin or the painted cloth doll in the old sea chest with the doll's bedstead, matress and pliiows, a tea set, a jump rope with ivory handles or a child's palm and the tatting shuttle, I am carried back to the years when as a child I was with my parents on that last voyage.

Among the delights of the little girl was the opening of the"slop" chest. This was a huge hogshead filled with all sorts of clothing for the sailors. There was always a smell of blue dungaree overalls, the new flannel shirts and the unbleached cotton, pea jackets and the other furnishings .

Why was there such a mystery about that desk?She could see nothing in it to wonder at. Why had not the mate shown her thepicture? She liked pictures and often begged her mother to show her the daguerreotypes of her aunts and cousins which were kept carefully put away. Beaus and sweethearts had not dawned on the thoughts of little five year olds in the 1850's.